

Next Week's Complete Novel in The Evening World

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By Robert Ames Bennet

between his barricade of boxes as the car swung in toward the shadowy pier-end, so that his stooping body forced the girl to the very floor of the driving compartment, as a red tongue or two of flame darted out the blackness ahead of him, and he knew that the firing had begun. He could hear the whine of the bullets as they passed overhead, he could see the lead puffs and pound against the car's side. He had seen the boxes of ammunition surround him; the cartridges were covered enough by the powdered fluxing-slag to be cushioned against concussion. Once, indeed, a bullet splintered against the top of the ammunition box against which he leaned. He held his breath and waited, rocking and swinging onward toward the moving lights.

(To Be Continued)

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